

# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

## BESTIARY

#6 of 6

Christopher Sebela  
Christian Francis  
Ben Meares  
Mark Miller  
Matt Battaglia  
Peter Bergting  
Carlos Magno

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

10  
TEN YEARS  
BOOM!  
STUDIO

CLIVE BARKER'S  
**HELLRAISER**<sup>™</sup>  
BESTIARY

Hellraiser created by Clive Barker

**"A Place For Every Thing"**

Written by Christopher Sebela

Illustrated by Matt Battaglia

**"The Science Of Madness"**

Written by Christian Francis with Ben Meares

Illustrated by Peter Bergting

**"The Hunted, Part Six"**

Written by Ben Meares & Mark Miller

Illustrated by Carlos Magno

Colors by Matt Battaglia

Letters by Travis Lanham

Cover by Conor Nolan

Variant Cover by Matt Battaglia

Designer Kara Leopard   Assistant Editor Chris Rosa   Editor Ian Brill

**Special Thanks to Gareth Barker, Vicky Barker and Patricia Fidanza**



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WELCOME  
TO HELL.

HOUSE AFTER HOUSE  
OF PERFECT LAWNS,  
SPACIOUS LIVING ROOMS,  
HAPPY FAMILIES.

ONE SAMEY ONE  
AFTER ANOTHER.



THEY  
HATE ME,  
BECAUSE I'M  
DIFFERENT.

I SEE THEIR  
SIDELONG STARES,  
THEIR LITTLE  
WHISPERING FITS  
WHEN I GO BY.



I DON'T  
THINK ABOUT  
THEM AT ALL.



I THINK ABOUT  
MY HOUSE, ABOUT  
MY SECRETS. IT'S  
ALL I EVER THINK  
ABOUT LATELY.

THAT NO ONE CAN EVER KNOW. WHAT  
THEY'D DO IF THEY FOUND OUT. HOW  
THEY'D TRY TO TAKE IT ALL AWAY.

THEY WOULDN'T  
UNDERSTAND.



I DON'T FIT  
INTO THEIR  
NEAT LITTLE  
BOXES. I  
NEVER DID.

THEY CAN  
ONLY DREAM  
OF HAVING  
WHAT I  
HAVE.



ALL THESE  
TREASURES.

THEY ALL  
BELONG  
TO ME.

A PLACE FOR EVERY THING



YOU CAN'T  
TRUST THEM.  
PEOPLE.  
THEY'LL  
GO AWAY.

THEY'LL  
TRY TO TAKE  
WHAT'S YOURS.



MY CHILDHOOD  
GOT LEFT BEHIND IN  
DOZENS OF APARTMENTS  
AND TRAILERS AND  
BORROWED BEDROOMS.

PIECES OF ME  
THROWN AWAY LIKE  
TRASH, SCATTERED  
ACROSS THE COUNTRY.



BUT NOT  
ANYMORE.

ALL MY LIFE,  
THE RIVER OF  
THINGS RACED  
TOWARDS ME AND  
JUST AS QUICKLY  
RACED AWAY.



UNTIL I GOT A  
HOME, A DOOR  
FOR THE RIVER  
TO FLOW INTO.

ENOUGH  
SPACE THAT IT  
NEVER HAS TO  
FLOW OUT AGAIN.

I CONTROL  
IT NOW. I  
FREEZE IT.




I SLEEP  
GOOD, LIKE  
A BABY.



BAM  
BAM  
BAM

I USED TO WAKE  
UP AFRAID.

NEVER SURE WHAT  
CITY OR STATE  
MOMMA HAD MOVED  
US TO THIS TIME.



WHEREVER  
I WOKE UP  
WOULD BE  
EMPTY.  
MOMMA OFF  
SOMEWHERE,  
WITH SOME NEW  
SOMEONE. JUST  
ME AND THE  
THINGS WE'D  
ACCUMULATED  
TO KEEP ME  
COMPANY.

NO ONE TO TELL ME IT  
WOULD ALL BE OKAY.  
BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T, BUT  
THE THINGS REASSURED ME.



NEVER  
MADE  
FRIENDS  
FOR LONG.  
MOMMA'S  
BOYFRIENDS  
ALL  
RESENTED  
ME.

DADDY LEFT LONG  
AGO. ALL I HAD WAS  
A FEW PIECES OF MAIL  
WITH HIS NAME ON IT,  
A PAIR OF DICE AND  
SOME BOOTS THAT  
BELONGED TO HIM.

MY THINGS  
WERE ALL I  
EVER HAD.

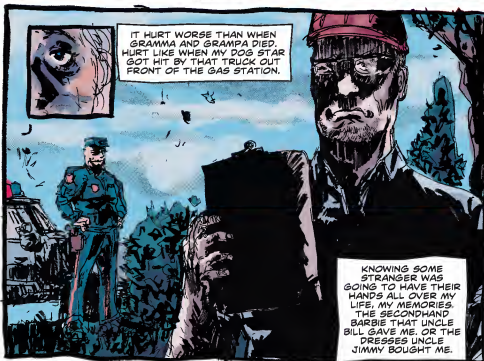
BAM  
BAM  
BAM



EVERY TIME  
WE MOVED,  
WE ONLY TOOK  
WHATEVER WE  
COULD FIT IN  
MOMMA'S  
HATCHBACK.

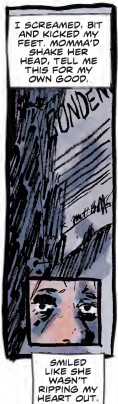
BAM  
BAM  
BAM

ME CRYING,  
TRYING TO  
CHOOSE WHICH  
THING WAS MORE  
IMPORTANT, LIKE  
WHICH LEG WAS  
MORE VALUABLE.



IT HURT WORSE THAN WHEN  
GRAMMA AND GRAMPA DIED.  
HURT LIKE WHEN MY DOG STAR  
GOT HIT BY THAT TRUCK OUT  
FRONT OF THE GAS STATION.

KNOWING SOME  
STRANGER WAS  
GOING TO HAVE THEIR  
HANDS ALL OVER MY  
LIFE, MY MEMORIES.  
THE SECONDHAND  
BARBIE THAT UNCLE  
BILL GAVE ME, OR THE  
DRESSES UNCLE  
JIMMY BOUGHT ME.



I SCREAMED, BIT  
AND KICKED MY  
FEET. MOMMA'D  
SHAKE HER  
HEAD, TELL ME  
THIS FOR MY  
OWN GOOD.

SMILED  
LIKE SHE  
WASN'T  
RIPPING MY  
HEART OUT.

I MOVED IN 35 YEARS AGO. OUT OF THE APARTMENT I'D BEEN SHARING WITH MOMMA AND HER NEW HUSBAND, ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO ARKANSAS, WHERE I'D BEEN BORN.



I GOT A JOB IN A LIBRARY AND I RENTED THE FIRST HOUSE THAT SPOKE TO ME. IT WAS ALL I COULD AFFORD, BUT IT WAS MINE.

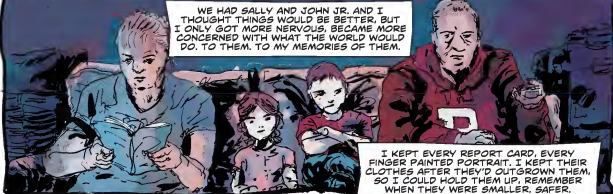


I MET A MAN, JOHN, WORKED AT THE MUSEUM AS A SECURITY GUARD. HE SWEEPED ME OFF MY FEET. WE BOUGHT THE HOUSE.

WE BUILT A LIFE TOGETHER. I CLIPPED ARTICLES, I BROUGHT HOME ORPHANED BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY, GAVE THEM A NEW LIFE.



WE HAD SALLY AND JOHN JR. AND I THOUGHT THINGS WOULD BE BETTER, BUT I ONLY GOT MORE NERVOUS, BECAME MORE CONCERNED WITH WHAT THE WORLD WOULD DO. TO THEM. TO MY MEMORIES OF THEM.




I KEPT EVERY REPORT CARD, EVERY FINGER PAINTED PORTRAIT. I KEPT EVERY CLOTHES AFTER THEY'D OUTGROWN THEM. SO I COULD HOLD THEM UP, REMEMBER WHEN THEY WERE SMALLER. SAFER.

JOHN SAID I WAS CRAZY, HAD A SICKNESS. HE AND THE KIDS COULDN'T LIVE LIKE THIS. BUT I ALWAYS MANAGED TO SOOTHE HIM, CONVINCE HIM WE WERE FINE.



THEY WERE ASHAMED, WE NEVER LET ANYONE SEE THE INSIDE OF OUR HOUSE. I DIDN'T MIND, I LIKED GOING OUT, SEEING THE WORLD.


FINDING MORE TREASURES TO PRESERVE.



THEY NEVER UNDERSTOOD.  
THESE THINGS THAT COME  
INTO MY LIFE. THEY SHOW  
UP FOR A REASON. THEY  
HAVE A PURPOSE.

ALL THESE PIECES  
OF LIFE PEOPLE  
THROW AWAY, I  
RESCUE THEM.

I GIVE THEM  
A PURPOSE.



I BEGGED THEM NOT TO LEAVE. I  
ALWAYS KNEW THEY WOULD. EVERYONE  
ALWAYS TRIES TO LEAVE ME.

MY FRIEND,  
KATHLEEN,  
AGREED TO  
PUT THE  
BOOKS  
THEY WERE  
THROWING  
OUT ASIDE  
FOR ME.

I DON'T EVEN  
TALK TO HER  
ANYMORE. I DON'T  
TALK TO ANYONE.  
NOT EVEN MY  
FAMILY. THEY  
WENT AWAY.



I REMEMBER THE LAST  
THING SALLY SAID, CRYING  
AND YELLING AS I MOVED  
BOXES OF HER GRADE  
SCHOOL CLOTHING INTO  
WHAT USED TO BE HER  
BEDROOM.

"MOMMA, THIS IS JUST  
GARBAGE. WHY ARE  
YOU DOING THIS? WHY  
IS THIS STUFF MORE  
IMPORTANT THAN US?"

I'M NOT REPLACING  
PEOPLE WITH STUFF.  
THESE THINGS HELP  
ME TO CONNECT TO  
PEOPLE. TO THE  
WORLD. A PLACE  
WHERE EVERYTHING  
IS HAPPY.



MY HOME. A  
REMINDER OF  
ALL THE HOMES I  
NEVER HAD. FROZEN  
IN TIME, TIED UP  
WITH STRING, AN  
OCEAN OF LIVES.

I'LL NEVER BE  
ALONE AGAIN.  
THAT'S PART  
OF THE PLAN.




IT WAS, AT LEAST.

LATELY PEOPLE, CITY PEOPLE, HAVE COME WANDERING AROUND MY HOUSE, CLIPBOARDS AND CAMERAS, WEIRD INSTRUMENTS THEY HOLD UP IN THE AIR.



THEY SAY I'M A DANGER, TO MYSELF, TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

THEY SAY I'VE DESTROYED THIS HOUSE. THAT NO ONE CAN LIVE IN IT. THEY WANT TO TAKE ME OUT OF IT.



THEY CAN'T SEE. I'M NOT DESTROYING. I'M BUILDING. THIS IS AN INDEX OF LIFE. THE GOOD THINGS, THE TERRIBLE THINGS. EVERYTHING.

IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO MAKE SENSE. SINCE WHEN DOES LIFE MAKE SENSE?

**KLICK**



IT'S A PUZZLE I'M SOLVING. ONE THING, ONE MEMORY AT A TIME. IT'S JUST MISSING A FEW PIECES.

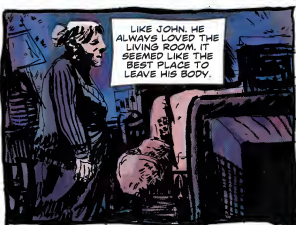
I SEE IT IN MY HEAD. I FEEL LIKE I'VE ALWAYS SEEN IT THERE, REFLECTED BACK IN ALL THESE ORPHANED OBJECTS.

A PERFECT HOME, WITH A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

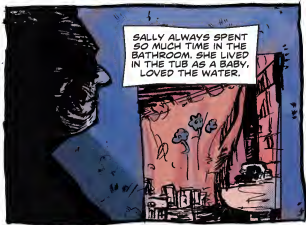


EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.





LIKE JOHN, HE ALWAYS LOVED THE LIVING ROOM. IT SEEMED LIKE THE BEST PLACE TO LEAVE HIS BODY.



SALLY ALWAYS SPENT SO MUCH TIME IN THE BATHROOM. SHE LIVED IN THE TUB AS A BABY, LOVED THE WATER.



JOHN JR. LOVED HIS MOMMA. HE WAS ALWAYS SO DELICATE.

I KEEP HIM IN HERE, WITH ME, WHERE HE'S SAFE AND SOUND.



OUT THERE, NONE OF THEM WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE.

I SAVED THEM, LIKE I SAVE EVERYTHING.



I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE. I ALWAYS KNOW.

I TOLD THEM NOT  
TO LEAVE ME. I  
CLUNG TO THEM.

I MADE THEM  
STAY, SO I COULD  
ALWAYS REMEMBER.

SO I COULD SHOW  
THEM I WAS RIGHT.

NOT CRAZY.  
NOT OBSESSED.  
NOT A THREAT.

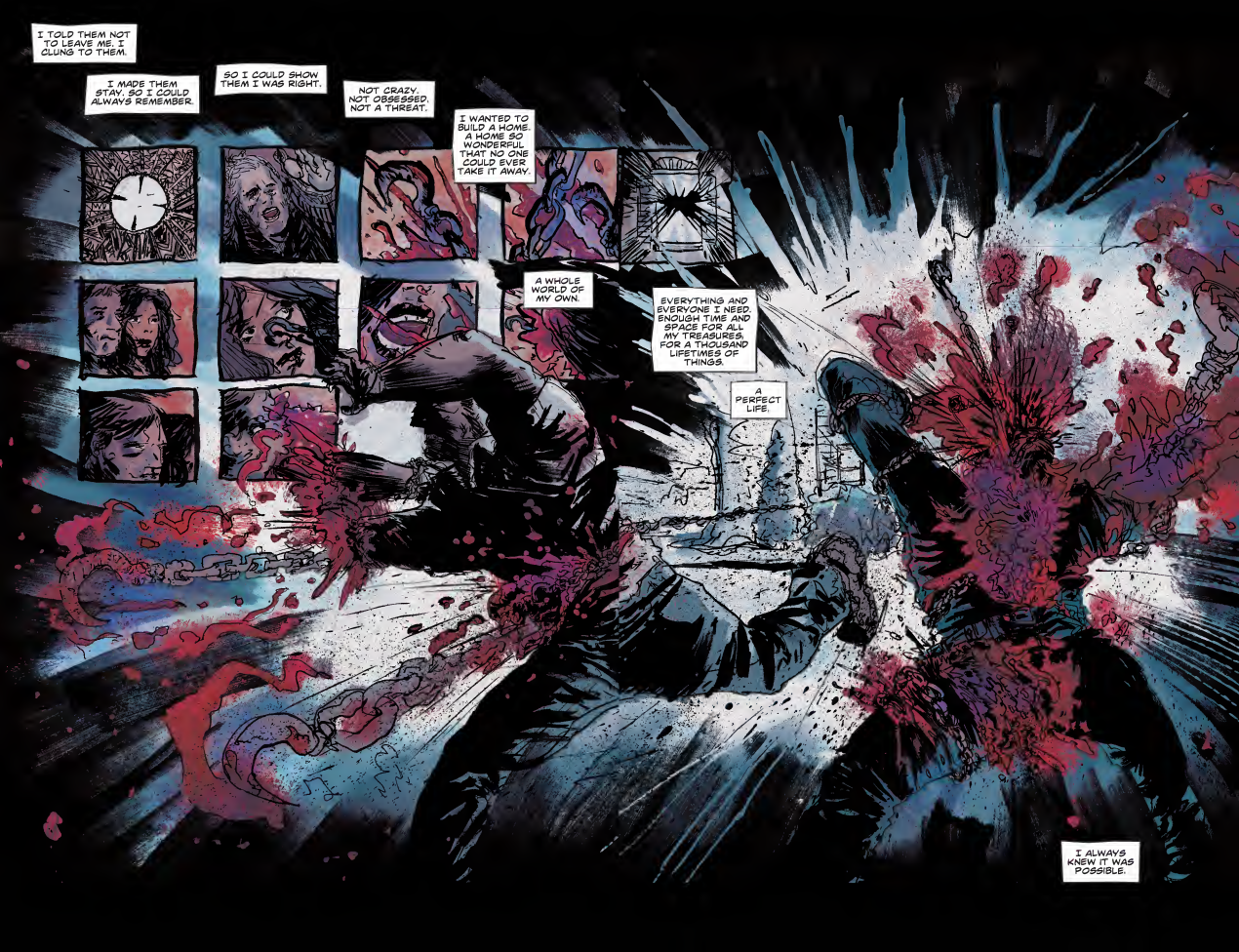
I WANTED TO  
BUILD A HOME.  
A HOME SO  
WONDERFUL  
THAT NO ONE  
COULD EVER  
TAKE IT AWAY.

A WHOLE  
WORLD OF  
MY OWN.

EVERYTHING AND  
EVERYONE I NEEDED.  
ENOUGH TIME AND  
SPACE FOR ALL  
MY TREASURES.  
FOR A THOUSAND  
LIFETIMES OF  
THINGS.

A  
PERFECT  
LIFE!

I ALWAYS  
KNEW IT WAS  
POSSIBLE.



IT'S DARK AND  
WARM WHEN  
I WAKE UP.

HELLO?

BUT  
I'M NOT  
SCARED.

EVERYTHING  
HAS SHIFTED,  
MY ORDER ALL  
SHUFFLED, BUT  
IT DOESN'T  
MATTER NOW.



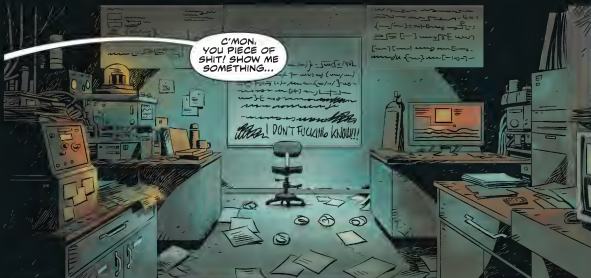
THIS HOME WAS  
GETTING TOO  
SMALL ANYWAY.

I HAVE  
A WHOLE  
WORLD TO  
FILL UP  
NOW.

ONE  
MEMORY  
AT A  
TIME.

THE END









WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW?

YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND. IT'S MORE THAN JUST A BOX. I-I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT.



WE SIMPLY ASKED FOR YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS. HOW CAN THAT BE SO HARD?

BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING! I MEAN--HERE. LOOK AT THIS.



EVEN THE X-RAYS SHOW NOTHING.

AND?



AND THAT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN! IT'S MADE OF WOOD AND METALS. BUT THE WEIGHT OF IT NEGATES ANY POSSIBILITY OF A LEAD LINING. THERE'S NO POSSIBLE EXPLANATION I CAN THINK OF.



YOU ONLY HAVE ANOTHER THREE DAYS OF RESEARCH ALLOTTED, DOCTOR. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO THINK HARDER.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, I THINK FOR A LIVING, SIR. MY WORK WILL CONTINUE TO BE HINDERED IF I'M NOT ALLOWED FULL CONTACT.

TRUST ME. YOU DO NOT WANT TO TOUCH THAT BOX.



THREE DAYS, DOCTOR. THREE DAYS.

ALRIGHT,  
BACK TO  
SQUARE ONE.  
WHAT DO WE  
KNOW?

MADE OF  
MAHOGBANY,  
BRASS AND GOLD...  
WITH SEVERAL  
HIDDEN SWITCHES.  
PURPOSE  
UNKNOWN.

THE ETCHINGS APPEAR TO  
BE THE ABSTRACT DRAWINGS  
OF A CREATURE, OR CREATURES,  
OF NO DETERMINABLE GENUS.  
APPROXIMATE DATE OF  
MANUFACTURE IS SOME  
POINT IN THE LATE  
18TH CENTURY...

FUCK...

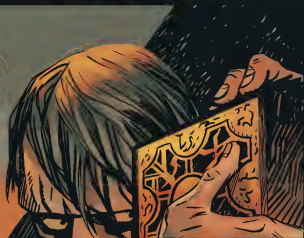
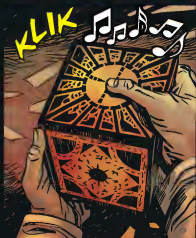
WHAT'S  
THE POINT?

YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
EXIST.

YOU...

...SHOULDN'T...

...EXIST!!!





I MEAN, THERE ARE STILL QUESTIONS, OF COURSE. THE X-RAYS STILL HAVE ME AT A LOSS, BUT...

DOCTOR, YOU WERE TOLD NOT TO TOUCH THAT BOX.

YES, I KNOW, BUT...



YOU DID THE RIGHT THING.

I...I DID?



I WAS WRONG. I APOLOGIZE. THE TEST WAS A SUCCESS.

THANK YOU, SIR. THANK YOU SO MUCH.



CONGRATULATIONS, DOCTOR!

YOU DID SO WELL!

WE'RE ALL SO PROUD OF YOU!

YOU DID IT!



WE KNEW YOU COULD DO IT.

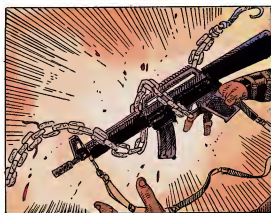
NEVER GAVE UP HOPE, NOT EVEN FOR A SECOND.

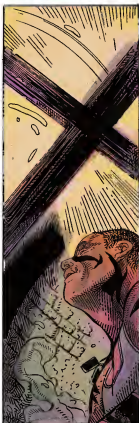
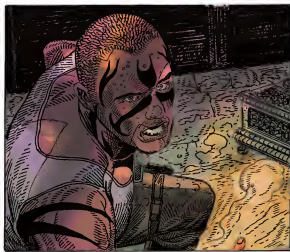
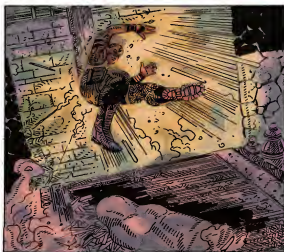
WE SHOULD GO OUT AND CELEBRATE!

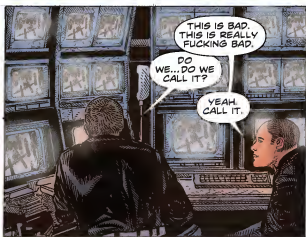
STRANGE...



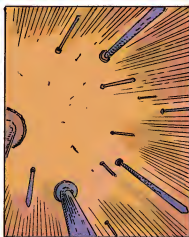
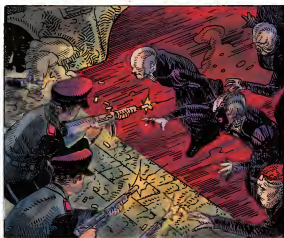


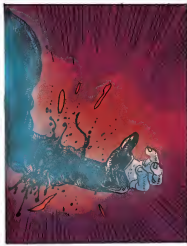












CONGREGANTS!

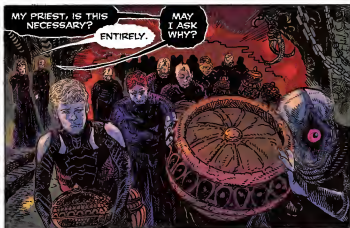
WE ARE VICTORIOUS,  
AND TO THE VICTORS GO  
THE SPOILS. EVERYTHING IN  
THIS ROOM NOW BELONGS  
TO THE ORDER OF THE  
GASH.

WE TAKE  
IT ALL BACK  
WITH US.



INCLUDING  
HIM.

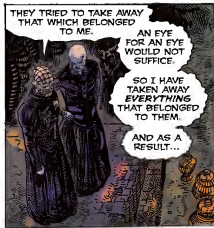
PLEASE...  
NO...



MY PRIEST, IS THIS  
NECESSARY?

ENTIRELY.

MAY  
I ASK  
WHY?



THEY TRIED TO TAKE AWAY  
THAT WHICH BELONGED  
TO ME.

AN EYE  
FOR AN EYE  
WOULD NOT  
SUFFICE.

SO I HAVE  
TAKEN AWAY  
EVERYTHING  
THAT BELONGED  
TO THEM.

AND AS A  
RESULT...



...I NOW  
HAVE SUCH A  
CHARMING NEW  
PLAYTHING...

HRGG...  
FUCK YOU...

SHOW  
SOME RESPECT.  
A BETTER MAN THAN  
YOU SUFFERED WITH  
FAR MORE DIGNITY  
UPON THAT  
VERY CROSS.

AND  
BESIDES...



YOUR  
SUFFERING  
HAS NOT EVEN  
BEGUN.



THIS NEW  
DECOR SUITS  
THE MONASTERY  
WELL, DOES  
IT NOT?

IT  
DOES, MY  
LORD.

YES.  
I RATHER  
LIKE OUR NEW  
BESTIARY.

THE END



**STEAL  
THE SHOW.**

# **THE CON JOB**™

**JIMMY PALMIOTTI MATT BRADY DOMINIQUE "DOMO" STANTON**

**READY TO TAKE DOWN SAN DIEGO  
MARCH 2015**

**10  
YEARS**  
BOOM! STUDIOS

WE ARE **BOOM!** COME INNOVATE WITH US  
STUDIOS

**#WEAREBOOM**  
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**LADIES,  
IT'S TIME TO  
COME OUT  
AND PLAY!**

**RYAN FERRIER ★ DEVAKI NEOGI ★ NEIL LALONDE**

# **CURB STOMP™**

**THREE GANGS. FIVE GIRLS. NO WAY OUT.**



**DAISY CHAIN ★ VIOLET VOLT ★ BLOODY MARY ★ DERBY GIRL ★ MACHETE BETTY**

**KISS PAVEMENT ★ FEBRUARY 2015**



**WE ARE BOOM! STUDIOS** **COME INNOVATE WITH US**

**#WEAREBOOM**  
**WWW.BOOM-STUDIOS.COM**

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SENT TO THE  
EDGE OF THE GALAXY.  
THE BEST-CASE SCENARIO?

THEY MAKE IT **BACK TO PRISON.**

# CLUSTER

FROM THE CREATIVE TEAM BEHIND *SONS OF ANARCHY*  
**ED BRISSON AND DAMIAN COUCEIRO**

THE CLOCK IS TICKING **FEBRUARY 2015**



WE ARE **BOOM!** COME INNOVATE WITH US  
STUDIOS

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THINGS CHANGE  
PEOPLE DON'T

BRYCE  
CARLSON

RUSS MANNING PROMISING  
NEWCOMER AWARD NOMINEE

VANESA  
R. DEL REY

# HIT

1957

"A violent piece  
of 1950s noir"

—USA Today

THE HARVEY  
AWARD-NOMINATED  
SERIES CONTINUES

MARCH  
2015



WE ARE **BOOM!** STUDIOS COME INNOVATE WITH US

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# BILL & TED'S MOST TRIUMPHANT RETURN™

FEATURING THE  
BODACIOUS TALENT OF  
**BRIAN LYNCH**  
(ANGEL)  
**JERRY GAYLORD**  
(FANBOYS VS. ZOMBIES)

WITH RESPLENDENT  
BACK-UP STORIES BY  
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KURTIS J. WIEBE · BROOKE ALLEN  
AND MANY MORE!

**BE EXCELLENT TO EACH OTHER MARCH 2015**

**10**  
TEN YEARS  
BOOM! STUDIOS

WE ARE

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